

The Cheerful Letter

Library of the
PACIFIC UNITARIAN SCHOOL
FOR THE YOUTH
Berkeley, California

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of God.—James Freeman Clarke.

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WHY DO THE RIGHTEOUS SUFFER?

*As ye are partakers of the sufferings,
so shall ye be also of the consolation.*

II CORINTHIANS I:7.

"Why do the righteous suffer?" This is the most baffling, the most searching and by far the most persistent question that confronts the Christian.

Hundreds of men, women and children are suffering with terrible diseases; agonizing with excruciating pain; imprisoned for life as helpless invalids. Hundreds more, no doubt, have loved ones who have heroically, earnestly and devotedly served their Christ all their days and yet have been forced to undergo unutterable grief or even to confront the darkest of tragedies.

In searching for the light which Christianity may shed upon this great mystery it is very important that we keep in mind that God's purpose is not to create a painless world but to develop a race of moral and spiritual giants. The greatest good in life is not physical comfort and absolute safety from all distress. The Apostle Paul described the purpose of God in creating man when he said, "He chose us ere the world was founded, to be consecrated and unblemished in His sight." One day a young man announced his willingness to follow Jesus. The Master saw that he did not measure his words or count the cost. He reminded the young seeker that: "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." Jesus never summoned men to follow Him to a haven of rest in this world.

The symbol of Christianity is not a pillow of ease but a rough-hewn cross. If we remember that the apparent object of this

universe is not to furnish a health resort for weary pilgrims, but to develop spiritual personalities worthy to live with God, the problem of human distress takes on a different aspect.

No Character without Discipline

Careful analysis convinces us, does it not, that a sure reward for right living and a certain punishment for sin would destroy the possibility of strong and noble character?

Job wondered why adversity and personal suffering came to him with such intensity while his wicked neighbor prospered. Someone then asked him the penetrating question, "Dost thou serve God for wages?" Was he doing the right thing just for the sake of material prosperity and physical comfort? If this world were so ordered that the wicked were sure to suffer physical loss and the righteous were certain to enjoy comfort and prosperity, then moral achievement would lose its luster, and noble character would be no more. Righteousness would be nothing more than shrewdness if we lived in such a world. The great Christian is not he who has done valiant deeds of righteousness because he expected a pay check at the end of the week for his good conduct. It is he who has stood for the right in the face of inevitable material or social loss.

Remember the Lord Jesus as He said, "If any man would be my disciple, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me."

Refined in the Furnace of Affliction

Christian experience also teaches us that suffering is often the means of opening the window of a soul to the great riches in the moral and spiritual world.

Disasters such as earthquakes, tornadoes and drought often seem to be the only

powers capable of crashing down the selfishness of men and opening their hearts again to pity and kindness and human brotherhood. Calamities, terrible as they are, call men to their noblest levels of thought and action in their attempts to alleviate the suffering of the distressed, reminding us in the face of death and destruction that a life built on the shifting sands of materialism and worldliness is doomed to collapse. Again and again we learn the meaning of those words in Isaiah where God is reported to have said, "Behold, I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of afflictions."

In the furnace of afflictions God chose the blind Milton to write "Paradise Lost"; the deaf Beethoven to compose the Fifth Symphony; the imprisoned John Bunyan to pen "Pilgrim's Progress"; the Crucified Christ to redeem the world.

If we could only hear the testimonies of hundreds of sufferers we should know that because of their suffering they have learned that sweet patience, that beautiful kindness, that tender love, that spiritual radiance which now enables them on beds of pain to be messengers of the victorious life to all who come into their presence.

No Wine Save by Crushing Grapes

Many will understand perfectly the paragraphs from a letter from a good friend of mine, a Harvard honor graduate now engaged in business, whose four-year-old boy has just survived a most dangerous operation. He writes: "I believe that whatever purpose our heavenly Father may have had in mind has been or will be accomplished by the experience through which we are passing. It is most certainly true, as you say, that 'suffering' and sorrow bring us close to spiritual realities, deepen our appreciation of life, and make richer our affections and family ties.' During the last day or two life has seemed to me much like an initiation into a fraternal order, during which we are led on from one experience to another and thus to an understanding of the purpose of the whole. I think I am beginning to see 'through a glass darkly.'"

Experience tells us that we cannot have the wine of life without the crushing of the grapes; the brightest hues are made from the blackest pitch; there is no crown without a cross. Here is another man's testimony in poetry:

*I never loved thee, mine, until those tears
Of common sorrow bound us into one.
We were not one, our souls were still asleep;
We were companions in a childish game*

*Until the great God called and bade us
weep,
Until the darkness came,
And we went hand in hand down to the
deep.*

*There 'neath the starless skies our souls
embraced,
And of their true compassion joy was born
Then, on the awful verge of that gray
waste,
The fingers of the morn
In blood-red letters their new message
traced.*

Finite Mind Cannot Know Everything

Christianity's final and greatest contribution to the problem of suffering is a faith that will not shrink though pressed by every foe.

It may be difficult to see how some forms of suffering help us to build character. But Christian worship gives man a vision of God which enables him to leave the solution of mysterious trials to a supreme and loving power. The Christian is a victor over sufferings when with Paul he can say, "The sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us"; or when with the Psalmist he can say:

"Whom have I in heaven but thee; there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee. My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever."

Peace in the Midst of Tragedy

Suffering will bring dismay to some lives and leave them desolate. To others the same suffering will bring moral grandeur and spiritual might. It depends upon the genuineness of our faith, upon our preparedness for the day of fiery trial. Great spiritual fortitude does not come accidentally to man. The Christian must learn the art of contemplation, reverent worship, and private religious living before God will have a chance to strengthen him against the day of adversity. We must learn the art of asking. But he who seeks shall find. He shall know the end of spiritual distress and say, "Though He slay me yet will I trust Him." He shall know a strange peace in the midst of storm.

*There is a point of rest
At the great center of the cyclone's force,
A silence at its secret source—
A little child might slumber undistressed,
Without the ruffle of one fairy curl,
In that strange central calm amid the
mighty whirl.
So in the center of these thoughts of God.*

This is the strange peace in the midst of apparent tragedy which was Jesus Christ's when in the very shadow of the cross He said to His followers:

"Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you; let not your heart be troubled. Neither let it be afraid."

—*Rev. Carl Knudson, in
Boston Transcript.*

WITH OUR HOME-KEEPERS

Favorite Recipes

Chicken Dixie Style

1 three-pound fowl, 1 quart water, 2 teaspoons salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon black pepper, 1 cup thin cream, 1 pint corn (drained canned corn).

Disjoint fowl and stew until tender, in water. Season with salt and pepper. Remove chicken from broth and place alternately with corn in casserole. Pour over cream and chicken broth thickened with flour. Set in oven 350 deg. F. for 40 minutes.

Ice Box Rolls

1 cake yeast, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lukewarm water, $\frac{2}{3}$ cup shortening, $\frac{2}{3}$ cup sugar, 1 cup mashed potato, 1 cup scalded milk, 2 eggs, well beaten, flour to make stiff dough, 1 teaspoon salt.

Dissolve yeast in lukewarm water; add shortening, sugar, salt and mashed potato to scalded milk. When cool, add yeast. Mix thoroughly and add eggs. Stir in enough flour to make stiff dough. Turn out on slightly floured board and knead thoroughly. Put into bowl large enough to allow for slight rising. Rub over with melted shortening, cover tightly and place in refrigerator. About an hour before mealtime, pinch off dough, shape, and let rise until light. Bake in hot oven (425 deg. F.) 15 to 20 minutes.

Devil's Food Cake

2 square grated chocolate or 4 tablespoons cocoa, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup corn oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup flour, $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon soda, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sour milk or cream, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt.

Mix ingredients in order given while the water is hot. Do not let water get cool before mixing other ingredients. The batter will be thin, but must not be thickened. Bake in layer cake tins in oven 425 deg. F.

Corn Bread

Mix and sift 1 cup corn meal, 1 cup flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 3 tablespoons

sugar and 1 teaspoon salt together; add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, 2 tablespoons melted shortening and 1 beaten egg. Beat well and pour into greased shallow pan. Bake in hot oven.

Handy Hints

Kitchens Are Worth Much Care

Much has been said and written on the subjects of the kitchen floor, and no course in household administration would be complete without some discussion of this important question. It is enough for most of us to know that most of those who have studied the question have come to the conclusion that the foundation of the kitchen floor is best when made of wood. Cement and tiling, though ideal for bathrooms, vestibules, sun parlors, etc., seem to be not resilient enough for the kitchen where so many steps have to be taken.

Ideally the wooden kitchen floor should be covered with some sort of linoleum. The best is none too good if you can afford it. If an all-over covering is impracticable or too expensive, the centre of the room can be covered in this way, and the edges after the cracks have been well filled either varnished or painted.

It is a good plan to renew the varnish on a kitchen floor or to varnish the painted surface at frequent intervals so as to keep a waterproof finish upon it. The time may come when we have sinks and stoves and other kitchen fixtures built in like the most up-to-date bathtubs, so that there will be no "underneath places" to catch the dust.

Always examine the contents of your refrigerator, pantry and storeroom before ordering new supplies.

* * *

Buy perishable supplies in small quantities, thus avoiding food spoilage.

* * *

Supplies that keep well are usually cheaper if bought in fairly large quantities.

* * *

Learn attractive ways of using up leftovers. Use meat rather sparingly, but don't try to skimp on fresh vegetables and fruits. They are cheaper than doctor's bills.

* * *

Learn the composition of different food-stuffs, and don't confuse money values with food values.

* * *

Try to plan a balanced diet. It's better for the pocketbook as well as for the health.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield St., Roslindale, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. McCaddin, saying that you **have** sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

APPEALS

1. Mrs. Bertha Barnes, Scotland, Ark., writes that their crops have been spoiled by drought. She has a wee baby and would like scraps and embroidery thread, so that she may be starting her quilt while she is still unable to help outside.

2. Mrs. J. R. Adams, Lansing, N. C., has been very ill all summer. She, also, would enjoy quilt scraps and thread, as she is unable to be on her feet long at a time.

3. I have not heard from my friends for a long time. I would be glad to correspond with someone and to receive books and magazines or any kind of reading material. Mrs. Annie L. Thomas, Springwood Va.

4. I would like to receive letters of cheer, quilt scraps, also story books for my children. Thanks to all who have remembered me in the past. Mrs. John Howell, Silas Creek, N. C.

5. Mrs. W. H. Brogan, R. 3, White Hall, Md., writes to thank us for the cheer sent her. Her oldest boy is nine years old. She would appreciate books for him, and sewing material for herself.

6. Mrs. M. B. Gregory, R. 1, Tennessee Colony, Texas, writes that her husband and her oldest boy, ten years old, are both

shut-ins. They would appreciate reading of any kind. She would enjoy the usual scrap and thread.

7. It has been a long time since I wrote to the *Cheerful Letter*. I hope you have not all forgotten me. I would be so glad to get something to read, would appreciate any magazines or books, and would also like to get some quilt pieces. Mrs. Covie Nance, R. F. D. 3, Polkton, N. C.

8. Mrs. J. R. Williams, Naola, Va., writes that her part of the country has suffered from the drought. There are no crops of fruit to can. Her daughter has a school of twenty-four children, from the first through the seventh grade. She needs crayons, tablets and pencils. Mrs. Williams, herself would like pieces to fix her quilts, and magazines that she could pass along.

9. I am a young mother, twenty-six years old. I have three children, 10, 7 and 3 years old. I live in the mountains of Eastern Tennessee, nine miles from the nearest railroad. I sure would appreciate a few books to read. Mrs. V. R. Green, Ivy, Tenn.

10. Mrs. Charles Curry, Box 439, Spray, N. C., would appreciate some reading material and cards for her children, 6 and 12 years, and 21 months old. She would also enjoy writing to someone.

11. Miss Ervey D. Purcell writes that she is now Mrs. J. F. Crews of Spencer, Va., R. F. D. 3. She wishes to thank all who were so kind to her before her marriage, and hopes that they will still remember her, as she is just as much in need of cheer as ever. She would appreciate quilt pieces, embroidery thread and flower seeds of any kind.

12. I would be glad to hear from some of my friends. I have lost their addresses. It has been a long time since I have heard from them. I would also be glad to get some pieces of material and embroidery thread. Mrs. J. O. Norwood, R. 1, Athens, Tenn.

13. Mrs. Jesse Carpenter, R. 1, Peachland, N. C., has been sick most of the summer and is just back from the hospital and not able to do anything. She would be glad to receive some books or magazines.

14. Mrs. Mary Graybeal, Brandon, N. C., is a minister's wife. He is sixty-four years old. They would appreciate cheer of any kind.

15. I wish to thank all who have remembered me and my two boys, ages 16 and 12 years, with reading matter. We certainly have appreciated the help and cheer. We hope you will continue to remember us again this winter. The children are a long way from school and are not able to attend regularly. They are in the sixth grade. I would appreciate quilt scraps and embroidery thread, as I am shut in most of the winter months. Mrs. Mary J. Roberson, Elamsville, Va.

16. Mrs. Martha Borcharding, Highmore, So. Dak., would be so grateful to be remembered with quilt pieces, also stamps, so that she can answer all her friends.

17. I would love to hear from someone and to receive the Midweek Pictorial after someone is through with it. Mrs. Ann Carter, Chillicothe, Texas, R. 4.

18. Mrs. Jennie Agee, R. 1, Box 38, Spencer, Va., has been ill for two months with heart trouble. She is sixty-nine years old. She wishes to thank all for their kindness and hopes to be remembered with pieces of material, needles and thread.

19. We are writing to thank the *Cheerful Letter* friends for the nice scraps and books. We would enjoy books and scraps, or house plants, or seeds for our new home. We are one mile from our nearest neighbor, and it is very lonesome. Mrs. Marshall Watson, Rupert, Ark.

20. Mrs. Jennie Spencer, R. 1, Lawsonville, N. C., lives alone, is crippled, but

manages to take care of herself. She will be sixty-three years old on November 30th. She would be more than grateful for any kind of scraps and would love the picture papers and newspaper rotogravure sections.

OFFER

The Brookline First Parish Branch will send packages of old Christmas cards to those desiring them. Apply to Miss Martha Suter, 23 Dudley St., Brookline, Mass.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Mrs. Fred Thomas, from 220 W. Morgan St., Wadesboro, N. C., to Box 167, Marshville, N. C.

Mrs. Marshall Watson, from Copeland to Rupert, Ark.

IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. Ellen C. Dresser, Needham, Mass., long a *Cheerful Letter* worker. She will be missed by many pen friends.

NOVEMBER

Yet one more smile, departing, distant sun!

One mellow smile through the soft vapory air,

Ere o'er the frozen earth the loud winds run,

Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.

One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,

And the dark rocks whose summer wreaths are cast,

And the blue gentian-flower, that, in the breeze,

Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last.

Yet a few sunny days, in which the bee

Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way,

The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,

And man delight to linger in thy ray.

Yet one more smile, and we will try to bear
The piercing winter frost, and winds, and
darkened air.

—William Cullen Bryant.

Frank had always slept alone at home. After returning from a visit with relatives, he said: "I had to sleep with Uncle Casper, and I didn't like it at all."

When asked for his reasons, he replied, "Because he honks."

GIFTS FROM OUR NEIGHBORS ACROSS THE SEA

3. Germany

The "Mayflower" of the German immigrants to America was the good ship "Concord," appropriately named, being the bearer of a devoutly religious and peaceful company of Germans to the City of Brotherly Love. Captain Jeffries, commander of the "Concord," which left Gravesend July 24, 1683, arrived in Philadelphia after a long but safe journey on October 6, 1683, the date celebrated by all Germans in America as the beginning of their history in the United States. Under the leadership of Franz Daniel Pastorius they founded Germantown, near Philadelphia, which was incorporated as a town on August 12, 1689, with Pastorius as first Burgomaster.

The beginning of German colonies in New England is associated with the name of Jonathan Waldo, who came to Boston at the close of the seventeenth century as the agent of a Hamburg House, and he rose to be one of the leading merchants of the city. Ten proprietors, to whom later twenty associates were added, purchased land in the present counties of Knox, Lincoln and Waldo, Maine. In later years Waldo and associates induced many groups of German immigrants to come over and join these colonies.

In 1749 the General Court of Massachusetts appropriated four townships for the accommodation of foreign protestants, two in the eastern and two in the western part of the province.

The good impression the German settlers had made matured a plan in the minds of some Boston promoters to establish a German town near Boston. The result was the foundation of a new Germantown about ten miles south of Boston, in the neighborhood of the present Braintree and Quincy. On August 21, 1750, the Ship "Thomas" brought a great number of Germans who settled in New Germantown.

It would be impossible in these pages to do justice to the great number of Germans who fought with distinction during the Revolutionary War. The Order of the Cincinnati, consisting of officers who were engaged on the patriots' side in the Revolution, had among its membership a very large number of Germans.

If in the wars of the eighteenth century the Germans rendered conspicuous service, their share was more than double in the wars of the United States in the nineteenth

century. In the Mexican and the numerous Indian wars throughout the century there was no campaign without its quota of German participants. In the Civil War the large element of brave and sturdy German soldiers in the Northern Army constituted an invaluable and indispensable instrument in turning the fortunes of war in favor of the Union.

In the Spanish War and in the recent World War, the German citizens of the country demonstrated their loyalty in unquestioned manner as the rolls of army and navy and subscriptions to war loans will disclose.

The social influence of the German element in the United States consists in the emphasis laid upon the cultivation of those arts and habits which divert from the narrow path of selfish interest or material gain, and which elevate, ennoble and increase the joy of living. Music and art came from Europe and were planted on American soil, often, especially at the early periods, by foreigners who devoted their lives to the noble cause of arts. To them belong the glory of having prepared the soil for succeeding generations. Nowhere has this foreign cultivation been more evident than in music and in this department the German influence has been supreme and lasting.

Boston has put on record the first orchestral director and the first prominent orchestra in the country. The pioneer was the German musician, Gottlieb Graupner whom Elson calls the father of American orchestral music. In later periods the names Dr. Leopold Damrosch, Theodore Thomas, Adolph Neuendorff, Anton Seidl, Walter Damrosch and Emil Paur are pre-eminent as orchestral directors.

Among the names of German and men of German descent who occupy chairs in American universities one of the noblest type is that of H. E. VonHolst, Professor of American History in the University of Chicago, who gave all and had all to give. He died in 1904, but left an enduring monument in his "Constitutional History of the United States."

A very recent development in education that of the interchange of professors, has already had excellent results. The Theodore Roosevelt professorship in the University of Berlin has for its first lecturer a native American, Professor John W. Burgess, dean of the faculty of political science of Columbia University.

The kindergarten is a German institution founded by a friend of humanity, a lover of

the young, Friedrich Froebel. The first kindergarten attempted in this country was the Froebel Kindergarten, established by the wife of Carl Schurz in Watertown, Wisconsin, as early as 1855. In New England the kindergarten received a great impetus through Miss Elizabeth Peabody, who, having studied Froebel's works and institutions in Germany, returned to Boston and founded the Froebel Union in 1867.

If we would know the characteristics of the German farmer in the United States, we should go back again to the Pennsylvania-German of the eighteenth century. Wherever located this type of settler invariably shows the same unsurpassed qualifications for success in agriculture.

The Pennsylvania Germans were early noted for their fruit preserving, and their apple butter still sustains its ancient reputation. Throughout the United States the pickling and preserving business is largely in the hands of Germans. The pioneer manufacturer of oatmeal was Ferdinand Schumacher, born in Hanover, Germany in 1822. Prominent as a merchant inventor was William Ziegler, founder of the Royal Baking Powder Co. in Chicago. Hecker's self-raising flour is another familiar asset in the American household. In the manufacture of sugar in the United States the greatest name is that of Claus Spreckels, who was born in Hanover in 1828. The sugar kings in the East, established long before the Spreckels in the West, are the Havemeyers, whose ancestors migrated from Germany about 1799.

In Germany gymnastic exercises were introduced early in the nineteenth century by the patriot Friedrich Ludwig Jahn. In body and mind he wished to see men vigorous and independent. Disciples of Jahn were destined to play important roles in the land of liberty beyond the seas. Carl Beck and Carl Follen arrived together on Christmas Day in 1824. Beck was appointed a teacher of Latin at the Round Hill School, in Northampton, Mass., and under his direction there was erected at once the Round Hill Gymnasium, after the model of the school established by Turnvater Jahn. Carl Follen was called to Harvard College and there, in May 1826, he organized a gymnasium after the model of Jahn. Francis Lieber, who arrived in 1827, established a famous swimming school in Boston, and afterward became a director of the Tremont Gymnasium. Thus the beginning of the gymnastic work in America was by Germans.

In addition to a large share in the introduction of music, fine arts and sciences in the United States, Germans have exerted themselves to impress upon the American people the joy of living, giving greater prominence to merry-making, festivals and the Christmas celebration. They have insisted on the care of the body, with needed food and drink, and introduced gymnastic exercises in schools and social clubs.

In common with the English stock of New England, the German is inspired with idealism, the origin of education, music and art; he shares with the Scot a stern conscience and a keen sense of duty; he touches the Irish with his emotional nature, his joy of living, and his sense of humor; thus linking together the great national elements.

(Quoted from the Historical Review, Contributions of Civilization, Massachusetts Bay Tercentenary.)

IN NOVEMBER

The ruddy sunset lies
Banked along the west;
In flocks that sweep and rise
The birds are going to rest.

The air clings and cools,
And the reeds look gold,
Standing above the pools,
Like rods of beaten gold.

The flaunting goldenrod
Has lost her worldly mood,
She's given herself to God,
And taken a nun's hood.

The wild and wanton horde,
That kept the summer revel,
Have taken the serge and cord,
And given the slip to the Devil.

The winter's loose somewhere,
Gathering snow for a fight;
From the feel of the air
I think it will freeze tonight.
—Duncan Campbell Scott.

An Englishman had occasion to visit Scotland and notwithstanding the alleged frugality of the Scotch he was entertained quite regally by his host. Upon his return home, the Englishman decided to send his Scotch host a gift as a token of his gratitude and selected a pair of spats. Upon receipt of the spats the Scotchman sent them out to the shoemaker's to be soled and heeled.

AN ATLANTIC VOYAGE THREE CENTURIES AGO

Winthrop's Journal, which tells of the adventures of the Massachusetts settlers on their way toward the new home, shows us how very human, as well as seriously religious, they were—much like the good people of the State of Massachusetts nowadays. Were it possible to put ourselves back in the atmosphere and to recover the back-grounds of thought three hundred years ago, we should have a keener sense of brotherhood and a better understanding of the world from which they came and of the new world which they meant to build. Suppose, for the moment, that you were a passenger—a colonist—on board the good ship *Arbella*, what would loom on the horizons of your thought as you left the dear familiar shores of England behind you; of what would you be thinking as you sailed?

First of all, no doubt, you would be thinking of the friends you left behind you. For remember that the colony of which you had your part was for some time after your embarkation an organization still alive in England and active in behalf of the needs and hopes of the new settlement. In all that I have read in Massachusetts newspapers of the tercentennial, I have seen no reference to these citizens in wish and plan who were of necessity left behind when this fleet of five ships sailed. They came on later, or some of them did. But who has spoken, for example, of Matthew Cradock, the first head of the projected colony? He was a London merchant and, like all the rest, of the Puritan party. But he never crossed the sea. Doubtless, there were many homesick hearts, as well as venturing hearts, in the little fleet. And some who started, like the younger Winthrop, were detained and never came at all.

You would have discovered as a passenger, in the first moment when you went on board, that you were travelling on what really was a ship of war. The flagship of the little fleet, the *Arbella*, carried twenty-eight cannon, and all of its fifty-two seamen were drilled and trained to fight. For it was in war time that they started—the mid-time of the wide-spreading Thirty Years' War which desolated Germany. That war had been in progress for eighteen years when the little fleet lay off the Isle of Wight. And the captain asked at once

how many of the "landsmen" knew how to shoot a musket: "And such as were good shots among them were called to serve in the ship if occasion should be."

In this connection it is well to remember that this was not the only famous and history-making voyage which started out that year, 1630. Just about the time that Winthrop and members of his colony took a holiday from the ship and were picking strawberries on Cape Ann, King Gustavus Adolphus sailed from Sweden with his army to take a decisive hand in the long war in Germany. Spain was the ally of Austria in this long-continuing war; and perhaps the ships that carried the Massachusetts colonists owed their safety partly to the preoccupation of Spain with the attempt to dictate the politics and the religion of the world. For it was no part of the policy of Spain to suffer any English, much less, any Puritan colony to gain a foothold in America; the total ownership of which had been granted to her and Portugal. You owe, perhaps, a thought of recognition to this state of war which left the northern sea-lanes open to the English ships.

A long delay at the Isle of Wight brought rumors of war, as well as fresh provisions to the little fleet. But the threat of war came first. "In the morning we descried from the top eight sail astern of us. We, supposing that they might be Dunkirkers (Dunkirk was then in Spanish possession and a well-known nest of war and piracy) our Captain caused the gun room and gun deck to be cleared; all the hammocks were taken down, our ordnance loaded, and our powder chests and fire-works made ready, and our landsmen quartered among the seamen and twenty-five of them appointed for muskets and every man written down for his quarter." Lady *Arbella* and the women were sent to the lower deck that they might be out of danger, and many possibly hampering things were thrown into the bay.

Then follows a characteristic passage bringing out the underlying religious motive of the expedition: "All things being thus fitted, we went to prayer upon the upper deck"—prayer in place of the loaded cannon, the stacked muskets, and the powder chests, that is—and, Governor Winthrop adds: "It was much to see, how cheerful and comfortable all the company

appeared, not a woman or child that showed fear; though all did apprehend the danger to have been great—but our trust was in the Lord of Hosts; and the courage of our captain and his care and diligence did much to encourage us.” The following eight sail proved to be fishing vessels of the Channel fleet. Then followed, on this relief of fear, the good supply of fish: “Our danger being thus over, we espied two boats on fishing in the channel; so every one of our four ships manned out a skiff, and we bought of them great store of excellent fish of divers sorts.”

Nor was it here only that the sea served the tables of the venturers. Not without warrant of experience does the codfish appear on the Massachusetts coat of arms. As the tedious voyage drew toward an end, with its baffling west winds, such as our airmen coming westward face today, they crossed the Fishing Banks and for the moment became fishermen themselves: “So we put our ship a-strays and took, in less than two hours, with a few hooks, sixty-seven cod fish, most of them very great fish, some a yard and a half long, and a yard in compass. This came very seasonably, for our salt fish was now spent and we were taking care for victuals this day (being a fish day).”

The *Arbella* was sadly overcrowded and in stormy weather there were problems of order and cleanliness to be solved; so that all the colonists were put under discipline and took their part in work. What the ship was like its reproduction on the *Charles* just now will show. Next came the problem of seasickness. And here the remedy at last provided and effectual in the persistent cases, is an interesting anticipation of all the open-air life and hygienic living and athletics of our own generation. The people on board, and mostly under hatches, had been deprived not only of a desire for food, but also of the privilege of listening to a sermon: “This occasion and the sickness of our minister and people, put us all out of order this day, so that we could have no sermons.” On Monday the sea abated and the people began to recover: “In the afternoon less wind and our people began to grow well again. Our children and others who were sick and lay groaning in the cabins we fetched out, and having stretched a rope from the steerage to the main mast, we made them stand, some on one side and some on the other, and sway it up and

down till they were warm, and by this means they soon grew well and merry.” Perhaps we might do well to add to our imaginative picture of Governor Winthrop, the stern Puritan and Precisian, a mental snapshot of him on the *Arbella*’s deck presiding and inciting at this game or dance of rope-swaying, until, no doubt, he laughed with the children as, in forgetting their groans, they filled their lungs with good sea air and grew well and merry. I think it must have helped to cure the onlookers, as well as those who swayed the rope and danced. I should like to have a picture of the scene.

Alcoholic drinks made trouble on the *Arbella*, just as they do today. “A maid-servant in the ship, being stomach-sick, drank so much strong water that she was insensible and nearly killed herself.” Nobody dreamed of prohibition then, but: “We observed it a common fault in our young people that they gave themselves to drink very immoderately. . . . In the time of our fast two of our landmen pierced a runlet of strong water and stole some of it, for which we laid them in bolts all the night, and the next morning the principal was openly whipped and kept with bread and water that day.” But it was the theft of something not easily to be replaced that was thus punished.

The observations of nature in Governor Winthrop’s *Journal* are interesting. They came upon a whale: “He would not shun us, so we passed within a stone’s cast as he lay spouting up water.” Governor Winthrop noted, in the clear air between the storms and fogs, that the new moon half an hour after sunset seemed: “Much smaller than it is at any time in England.” As the long, tedious voyage drew near its end, the landmen were naturally homesick for the shore. Off Mount Desert Island Governor Winthrop writes: “We had now fair sunshine weather, and so pleasant a sweet air as did much refresh us, and there came a smell off the shore like the smell of a garden. There came a wild pigeon into our ship, and another small land bird.” Two days later they had sight of land and the next day: “We had a fine fresh smell from the shore.” The following day they were among English fishermen, catching mackerel in abundance. And on Saturday: “Most of our people went on shore upon the land of Cape Ann, which lay very near us, and

gathered store of fine strawberries." The shore-going people seem to have had a picnic supper, perhaps under the shelter of the Cape Ann pine trees: "We supped with a good venison pasty, and good beer, and at night we returned to the ship: but some of the women stayed behind. An Indian came aboard us and lay there all night."

So the ocean cares and dangers came to an end with that fortunate landfall on the strawberry-offering shores of Cape Ann in the happy period of mid-June. I should like to have been with them for that first Saturday afternoon on shore of wonder, exploration and delight. They spent their Sunday piously and quietly on the Arbella's decks and the next week found them, joined with those who had preceded them in pilgrimage, in the new town of Salem. If anyone is cherishing, in these Tercentenary days, the notion that the early settlers of Massachusetts were a wholly stern and bloodless lot, ungenial and inhuman, a sympathetic reading of Winthrop's very human *Journal of the Arbella-voyage* should give a rosier, happier picture of these Puritan Englishmen.

—*Boston Transcript.*

THE HOUSE WITH NOBODY IN IT

Whenever I walk to Suffern along the Erie track

I go by a poor old farmhouse with its shingles broken and black.

I suppose I've passed it a hundred times, but I always stop for a minute

And look at the house, the tragic house, the house with nobody in it.

I never have seen a haunted house, but I hear there are such things;

That they hold the talk of spirits, their mirth and sorrowings.

I know this house isn't haunted, and I wish it were, I do;

For it wouldn't be so lonely if it had a ghost or two.

This house on the road to Suffern needs a dozen panes of glass,

And somebody ought to weed the walk and take a scythe to the grass.

It needs new paint and shingles, and the vines should be trimmed and tied;

But what it needs the most of all is some people living inside.

If I had a lot of money and all my debts were paid,

I'd put a gang of men to work with brush

and saw and spade.

I'd buy that place and fix it up the way it used to be,

And I'd find some people who wanted a home and give it to them free.

Now, a new house standing empty, with staring window and door,

Looks idle, perhaps, and foolish, like a baby on its block in the store.

But there's nothing mournful about it; it cannot be sad and lone

For the lack of something within it that it has never known.

But a house that has done what a house should do, a house that has sheltered life,

That has put its loving wooden arms around a man and his wife,

A house that has echoed a baby's laugh and held up his stumbling feet,

Is the saddest sight, when it's left alone, that ever your eyes could meet.

So whenever I go to Suffern along the Erie track

I never go by the empty house without stopping and looking back,

Yet it hurts me to look at the crumbling roof and the shutters fallen apart,

For I can't help thinking the poor old house is a house with a broken heart.

—*Joyce Kilmer.*

PLANTING HARDY LILIES

Lilies are the last of the hardy bulbs to plant, as many kinds do not arrive in this country until late in the season. If they are not delivered before freezing weather comes on, the ground where they are to go should be covered with a deep layer of spent manure or with some form of litter which will keep it from freezing too hard to permit digging. Lilies need a location which is well drained, and if the earth is very heavy a little sand should be run under them. Some growers go so far as to encase them with sand all around, and take pains to plant those having fleshy scales on their sides rather than in an upright position. Deep planting is important with most lilies. This means 8 to 10 inches underground.

—*Clipped.*

The most important letter in "success" is "U."

Courtesy is the universal language spoken by few but understood by all.

The beginning in spiritual progress is not at the bottom, but at the top!

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

THE DOG THAT WAS LEFT BEHIND

One day in late autumn, ninety and nine years ago, the Lincoln family moved. In those days there was no van to move people efficiently from one place to another—no express car to carry household goods from a little cabin on Pigeon Creek in Indiana to the banks of the Saugamon in Illinois. But Thomas Lincoln was better off than he had been when he moved his family from their Kentucky farm.

That time he and his seven-year-old son, Abe, had tramped the hard hundred miles of uncleared reagon, while his wife, Nancy and little Sarah, rode work horses which carried also their small stock of worldly goods. To-day the Lincolns packed things into a covered wagon drawn by four strong but slow oxen.

Abe's stepmother, Sally, rode with her precious forty-dollar bureau, her good set of chairs, the clothes chest, bedding, and kitchen utensils. Her boy John climbed up to look out for Abe's beloved books and the family tools and guns. They were to camp out along the way, though the ground was stiff with frost and an early winter had already set in.

"Where's Abe?" demanded Mr. Lincoln, impatient to get started on the long, hard journey. "Not off somewhere reading, I hope."

Sally shook her head. She loved her big, lanky stepson, and her tender heart ached for the boy who, she knew, had gone for the last time to visit his mother's grave.

"Here he comes," said John, as Abe came striding toward them, followed by the homely little dog, Rover. John began to chant:

"I had a little dog, his name was Rover,
And when he died, he died all over!"

Off started the patient oxen, and off went the Lincolns, bumpity-bump over the frozen ruts. At midday the ground would thaw just enough to make the mud sticky and hinder progress. How that family would have stared if anyone had predicted that some day the journey could be made speedily in a comfortable closed car, to say nothing of the magic of an airplane flight over the same region! It would have sounded to the backwoods boy, Abe, like a tale from the Arabian Nights that amused him often in the evening firelight.

Bumpity-bump over the Indiana hills, creaking and tugging through woods and

swamps. There were no bridges; so the unwilling oxen must be goaded to ford streams, where they crashed through the ice that covered the surface of the water like thin glass. Bumpity-bump, a few bone-racking miles a day, with all the discomforts of travel in pioneer times.

"Where's Rover?" exclaimed Abe one morning when they had forded a wide ice-crusted creek and were plodding along near the Illinois line.

Nobody answered, but faintly in the distance, little left-behind Rover spoke for himself: "Wuff! Wuff!" How could they forget him like that?

"Well, now, I'm not going to turn this wagon around and go to a lot of trouble just for a fool ornery dog," declared Thomas Lincoln in disgust. And even kind-hearted Sally, who often coaxed him to do things against his will, was silent. It was so cold, so wearisome, she couldn't bear to think of retracing a single step.

Long-legged Abe swung down over the wheel, his dark eyes soft with compassion.

"You drive right on," he told his father. "We'll catch up with you in three shakes of a sheep's tail."

He was running back over the rutty trail, and around the bend Rover caught sight of him and barked and wagged in wild relief. Off went Abe's clumsy boots. He rolled up his breeches and waded into the ice-choked stream, deeper, deeper, till it was above his knees. Another minute, and Rover was in his rescuer's arms, licking Abe's face and hands in eager gratitude. With all his dog-gish might he tried to explain how he had merely dashed off after a smart-aleck of a rabbit.

"I know," said Abe kindly, "but after this you stay with the wagon, or you'll be dead all over sure enough."

And Rover promised penitently with a lick of his tongue and a sharp, "Wuff, Wuff!"

—*Marjorie Dillon in The Christian Register.*

If we have learned to vision life aright,

To keep our faith in laughter and in tears,

To find a way amid its stress and strife,

November's gray will burnish in our sight,

And in the quiet of our later years

Love will have given us a larger life.

—*Grace Wight Buckle.*

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

"He makes a solitude and calls it—peace."

GAMES FOR THANKSGIVING DAY

Cut-Up Turkey—In this game the players are divided into two groups of equal number. The groups are seated opposite each other at a long table or several small ones placed together. The first player in each line is given a turkey cut-out and a pair of scissors. When the signal is given each "first player" must cut her turkey into four pieces, jumble the parts and hand them to the next player in line. Those receiving the cut-up turkeys must lay the pieces together so as to form turkeys. They must do this as quickly as possible and then pass the jumbled pieces to the player next in line, who must again place the pieces into turkey form. Thus the cut-up turkeys go down the lines on both sides simultaneously, and in each instance are put together properly again. The side which first succeeds in getting the turkey to the other end of the line is the winner.

Thanksgiving Hunt—For this game prepare a number of small squares of cardboard, allowing 12 or more pieces for each player. On each of these small cardboard squares print one of the letters of the word

"Thanksgiving." Hide the cards about the room. At a given signal the hunt begins, each player keeping up the search until 12 cards are found. Then she ceases the hunt and tries to exchange some of the letters she has found for such others as she may need to make her cards spell "Thanksgiving." Thus the players who have found their cards go merrily on exchanging letters among themselves. The rest go on with the hunt until the allotted number is found, when they join in the exchange. The first to complete her word is the winner, but the matching should go on until a majority of the players have completed their words.

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

A woman gave her young son half a dollar to buy a pound of plums saying: "Be sure, Tommy, to pinch one or two of them to see if they are ripe."

In a few minutes Tommy returned with both the fruit and the half dollar.

"I pinched one, as you told me," he explained, "and then when the man wasn't looking I pinched the whole bag full."

"The groves were God's first temples."

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

Mrs. H. A. Stevens, Chairman, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Secretary, Hingham, Mass.

Miss Edith L. Jones, Treasurer of Sunshine Funds, 65 Langdon Street, Cambridge, Mass.

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

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1. **Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper**, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. **Letters asking for correspondents** should be sent to the Chairman, Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 2 Ashfield St., Roslindale, Mass.

3. **Letters asking for help in studying at home** should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by student either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. **Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries** should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, 36 Lancaster St., Cambridge, Mass.

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